BUSINESS NOTICES. RUSSIAN OPERA GLASSES, --PRICE, 535.
Excellent in every respect. Especially for holiday presents. HOWARD &C O., 264 5th ave.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

GReserved Seats, Orchestra Circle and Balcour), Steward Hors.

WED.

EVENS HOST.

A PARLOR MATCH.

Next Week—HELD BY THE ENEMY.

Next Sanday—Prof. GROMWELL/B beautiful lecture.

ROME, THE ETERNAL CITY.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTRELS.

FAUST. "Thunkagiving at Wash-ington Market."

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE

UNION SQUARE THEATRE, J. M. HILL.

NINTH WEEK. THE COMEDIANS,

ROBSON AND CRANE, THE HENRIETTA.

Evenings at 8, 15. Saturday Matines at 2.

M. W. HANLEY

RICHARD HARRIGANNA

Domestic Drams of the South, entitled

DAVE BRAHAM AND HIS POPULAR ORCHESTRA

WEDNESDAY—MATINEE—SATURDAY.

Seats secured two weeks in advance.

Matinee "Faust" Saturday.
Saturday night, Nov. 26.
"THE BELLS" & "JINGLE."

CARINO.

Broadway and 39th experiments at 8.
PORTIVELY LAST WEEK BUT ONE OF THE Cosino's Most Beautiful Comic Opera Production, the

PORITIVELY LAST WEEK BUT ORE OF TOGETOR TO CASHO'S MOST Beautiful Camic Opera Production, MARQUIS.

RECEIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER.
Great Cast. Chorus of 50. Admission, 50c.

* Next Sunday Evening Grand Popular Concert, Monday, Dec. 5, the Sparkling Comic Opera Madels

BIOLOGY DERIA-HOUSE SECOND MONTH,
RICE'S
BURLESQUE
COMPANY.
65 ARTISTS.
65 ARTISTS.
65 ARTISTS.
66 ARTISTS.
66 ARTISTS.
67 ARTISTS.
68 ARTISTS.
69 ARTISTS.
69 ARTISTS.
60 APRIOCHMENT AND ARTISTS.
69 ARTISTS.
60 APRIOCHMENT AND ARTISTS.
60 APRIOCHMENT AND ARTISTS.
60 APRIOCHMENT AND ARTISTS.
60 ARTISTS.
61 ARTISTS.
62 ARTISTS.
63 ARTISTS.
64 ARTISTS.
65 ARTISTS.
66 ARTISTS.
67 ARTISTS.
68 ARTISTS.
68 ARTISTS.
69 ARTISTS.
60 ARTISTS.
60 ARTISTS.
60 ARTISTS.
61 ARTISTS.
61 ARTISTS.
61 ARTISTS.
62 ARTISTS.
63 ARTISTS.
64 ARTISTS.
65 ARTISTS.
66 ARTISTS.
66 ARTISTS.
67 ARTISTS.
67 ARTISTS.
68 ARTISTS.
68 ARTISTS.
69 ARTISTS.
60 ARTISTS.
61 ARTISTS.
62 ARTISTS.
63 ARTISTS.
64 ARTISTS.
65 ARTISTS.
66 ARTISTS.
67 ARTISTS.
68 ARTISTS.
68 ARTISTS.
68 ARTISTS.
69 ARTISTS.
60 ARTISTS.
60

THE MARTYR.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC.

Evenings at 8. Matines Saturday at 2.

The Phenomenally Successful Melodrama,

The ERERVED SEATH, 50c., 75c. and \$1.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE.

MATINEES TURED BY THURSDAY AND PRIDAY.

TONY PASTOR'S GREAT SHOW.

WALLACK'S, NIGHT (FRIDAY), CASTE,
Saturday SCHOOL, Saturday CASTE,
Matinee, In preparation, FOREST-MR-ROT.

THE WIF

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. PALMER

Mr. A. M. PALMER

Mainee at 3.

STAR THEATRE.

STAR THEATRE.

MR. HENRY HEVING

MISS ELLEN TERRY

And the Lycoum Company

Revery night except Saturdays.

Fant "Fant" Saturdays.

HARRIGAN'S PARK THEATRE.

Slat et, and 3d ave.
LAST MATINEE TO-MORROW
BEN MAGINLEY
in W. J. Florence's play.

INSHAVOGUE.

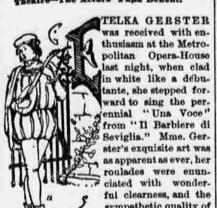
BLACK

REMERVED

MME. GERSTER IN CONCERT.

RECEIVED WITH ENTHUSIASM ON HER RE-APPEARANCE

Exquisite Art as Apparent as Ever Fatigue Shown Only in Her High Notes-Col." McCaull's Thanksgiving Dinner-An Roglish Bleledrama for New York's New catre-The Actors' Fund Benefit.



politan Opera-House last night, when clad in white like a debu-tante, she stepped forward to sing the pergennial "Una Voce" ful clearness, and the

sympathetic quality of her voice was undeniable. In her high notes, however, the songstress shows fatigue. Mme. Gerster cannot 'attack" them with the same audacity as formerly, and she is too much of an artist not to realize that fact. It was evident that this caused much disappointment to those who remembered her former bird-like tones. In untechnical parlance her voice would be called "fat," For an encore Mme. Gerster

called "fat," For an encore Mme. Gerster sang "Connais tu le pays?" from "Mignon." with splendid expression. In the second part of the programme she gave gave "I Vespri Siciliani," and, in a duet with Sig. Carbone, Donizettis "Elisir d'Amore." Mr. Abbey's company was admirable. Its shining light was, of course, Sig. De Anna, who is very popular with New Yorkers and whose magnificent voice in the romance from "Ernani" simply electrified the audience. He also sang an air from "Trovatore," and in the duet from "Favorita," with Mme. Helen Hastreiter. That lady was in excellent voice and most amiable mood. She sang, "Can I Bear This Anguish Weary?" from "Orpheus," with great feeling, and an aria from "I Guarany." Theodore Bjorksten was well received, but his voice is rather weak. Sig. Carbone was so vigorous that it was almost necessary to hold on to one's seat while he was singing. Miss Nettie Carpenter did some excellent violin work in Wieniawski's second concerts.

Mr. Abbey says the loss of the Tuesday Mr. Abbey says the loss of the Ideaday night Gerster concert will cost his firm something like \$6,000. Of course all the expenses were running, although the receipts were stopped. Mr. Abbey cannot be disturbed by such trifles, however. He smiled pleasantly as he referred to the unfortunate Tucsday, and spoke of it in his usual placid manner.

Col. John A. McCaull gave a delightful Col. John A. McCaull gave a delightful Thanksgiving dinner yesterday to every "soul" in his employ, at Polifonte Morell's restaurant. Stage carpenters, scene shifters, chorus and company all participated, and were headed by the gentle little being with the straw-colored hair, known as Major-Gen. Benjamin D. Stevens, Col. McCaull's major domo. The colonel himself, with De Wolf Hopper, Mme. Cottrelly, De Angelis, Harry Macdonough, Mr. and Mrs. Digby Bell and others of the cast sat round a small table and discussed turkey. Speeches of the right kind—that is to say, extremely short oneswere made. Col. McCaull's health was proposed, and the occasion was extremely merry. were made. Col. McCaull's health was pro-posed, and the occasion was extremely merry. The dinner was sandwiched in between the matines and the evening performance.

It is now said that at the new French and Sanger theatre to be opened in February "The Bells of Haslemere" will be the first play presented. This is a melodrama now being played in London, and in which Mr. Terriss and Miss Millevard figure conspicu-

An interesting entertainment, under the

management of A. M. Palmer, will be given at the Grand Opera-House next Thursday for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. The following artists have promised to appear: Henry Irving, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Joseph Jefferson and Edward Harrigan. The McCaull Opera Company, Dockstader's minstrels and Ryan and Kennedy will also contribute to the entertainment.

Footlight Finshes.

A full score of "Conrad the Corsair" will be given as a souvenir at the fiftieth performance of the burlesque at the Bijou Opera-House next Monday. When "The Arabians Nights" is presented at the Academy of Munic several new people will join the organization, among them being Master Solike. There will be a largely augmented chorus.

The Rev. S. T. Graham delivers lectures on Munkacsky's religious painting, "Christ on Calvary," at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle each afternoon at So'clock and each evening at So'clock.

o'clock.

Prof. Cromwell's subject on Sunday evening at the Grand Opera-House will be "Rome, the Eternal City." The portraits of the leading Italian lights of the day, the antique statues of the Vatican and the noted paintings will be illustrated. Prof. Cromwell's lectures are wonderfully instructive.

At the Casino concert on Sunday evening the following artists from the Gerster Concert Company will appear: Mme. Helene Hastretter, Herr Bjorksten, Sig. De Anna, Mme. Sacconi, Sig. Coranna, Sig. Carbone and Miss Nettle Carpenter, The Casino orchestra will be conducted by Mr. Nepsendor.

A DOLLAR DINNER FOR FOUR.

Contributed Daily to "The World" by One of the Best Known City Chefs. At to-day's market prices the material for this dinner can be purchased for \$1.

Baked Stuffed Codnsh, Cream Sauce ROAST.
Chicken or Escaloped Oysters.
Mashed Potatoes. DESSERT. Squash Pie. Sponge Drops. Coffee. Cheese.

Prime rib reast, 18c. to 20c.
Prime rib reast, 18c. to 20c.
Siricin steak, 16c, to 20c.
Leg mutter, 14c. to 16c.
Leg west, 20c.
Ruglish mutten chops, 25c.
Lamb hindu'ters, 19c. to 16c.
Veal cutlets, 28c.
Sweetbreads, 86 per dozen.
Calves' heads, 50c. to 50c.
Roasting ing, 83.50 each.
Roasting turkeys, 14c. to 16c.
Boston ducks, 16c. to 18c.
Boston ducks, 16c. to 18c.
Boston ducks, 16c. to 18c.
Canvassbacks, 83.50 pair.
Calves, 18c.
Canvassbacks, 83.50 pair.
Red birds, \$1 dozen.
Red heads, \$1.20 pair.
Red birds, \$1 dozen.
Red heads, \$1.50 pair.
Railards, \$1 pair.
Teal, 75c. pair.
Capons, 25c. lb.
Celery, 12c. bunch.
Celery, 12c. bunch. Daintles of the Market.

Maliards, \$1 pair.
Teal, 75c, pair.
Capons, 25c, 1b.
Guail, \$3 des.
English snips, \$2.50 des.
Rail, \$1.50 dos.
Rail, \$1.50 do

Both Spoon and Knife. [From the Epoch.] Miss Breezy (of Chicago)—Oh, yes, young Mr. Wabash is immensely wealthy, by inheritance. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, you

know.

Miss Shawagarden (of St. Louis)—Was he, indeed? I should imagine from the way he cats that he was born with a knife in his mouth.

On His Way to the Ferry. [From Puck.] Friend—Where on earth are you going with that

arrot, old chap? Old Chap-I moved over to Lonelyville, N. J., last week, and my wife says she must have something to talk to during the day or she'il die.

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH BALSAM. Best druggists, 10c.

EMBROIDERY AS A FINE ART.

THE INDUSTRY PURSUED BY THE DAUGH-

Her Skill Exercised on Ladies' Slippers Gloves and Underwear-Needles as Thick as an Eye-lash Used-Miss Van Auken's



some years in London.
He has wealthy relatives in Poland, but letters do not reach them. Letters may get within ten miles of them, but that isn't near enough to do near enough to do

While in London he was a designer of em broidery pattern for some of the large establishments there. His wife was a mistress of the art of needlework. This gift has descended to her eldest daughter. The younger

girl has aspirations to the stage.

The objects on which the elder girl employs her skill are ladies' shoes, silk stockings, silk underskirts, gloves, and—garters, The needles she uses have to be imported. It is a No. 13 needle, about as thick as an eyelash. No. 20 needles, the next size, are so small that they do not have an eye. They are only used to make holes with. To get strands fine enough for the work the silk is split in two.

split in two. split in two.

The ancients used to call embroidered things respicta acu, painted with a needle. The work of the refugee's daughter is so fine that it is like painting with a needle.

The father used to do work for a large dry-

The father used to do work for a large dry-goods house some years ago to the extent of \$600 or \$700 a week. But he was engaged on something not likely to suggest itself in con-nection with fine silk embroideries. He worked for years and sunk a considerable sum of money in perfecting a gun which would discharge heaven knows how man shots at once. He negociated with both the English

discharge heaven knows now man snots at once. He negociated with both the English and American governments for its introduction, but nothing has come of it except poverty. He used up his evenings in trying to elaborate the gun.

They do work, the father and daughter, for the principal dry goods houses. Their work goes to the Vanderbilts, the Goelets, Mrs. J. C. Ayer and her daughter, Mrs. Commodore Pierson, Mrs. Terry, the Van Aukens and dozens of other New York ladies who make dressing a fine art.

Pierson, Mrs. Terry, the Yan Aukens and dozens of other New York ladies who make dressing a fine art.

Some of their embroidery was sent to the Paris Exposition. One piece was a design for a slipper. It represented a peacock with a spread tail. Every feather of the peacock's tail was made with a stitch of different-colored silk. At the Vanderbilt fancy ball, Mrs. Wilson ordered this pattern to be embroidered on a pair of slippers. The eyes of the peacock were small diamonds.

Miss Van Auken had, as one small item in her trousseau, ten pairs of embroidered satin slippers. The colors are blue, cream, white, sage green, dove and gray, and the embroidery harmonizes with the different tints. Another beautiful pair of slippers is of pearl Suede kid, and the pattern is worked in small metal beads. The bridal slippers are in silver bullion.

small metal beads. The bridal slippers are in silver bullion.

"I have been embroidering now for two years," said the elder girl, "and there is no style I cannot do. I generally see what sort of stich suits the pattern best. It is almost impossible to get girls to do any of the work. We advertise for them, and there are plenty of applications, but it is too fine work. I have never had one learn it, Many of them leave as soon as they see the size of the needle. It would take six months to teach a cirl properly."

of course the prices for this work are good.

An undershirt of silk costs \$5 to embroider.

The slippers and shoes are \$15 or \$20. When

BROIDERY AS A FINE ART.

E INDUSTRY PURSUED BY THE DAUGHTER OF A POLISH EXILE.

Skill Exercised on Ladice' Silppers,
Gloves and Underwear-Needles as Thicks as an Eye-lash Used-Miss Van Aukee's Ten Pairs of Silppers-The Work Very Difficult to Learn-Some Custemers.

N a neat little court running off a side street uptown lives a Polish refugee with his daughters, one of whom is twenty years

Peter Gilsey was married he had a pair of slippers embroidered in gold bullion, and the embroidery alone cost \$25. He probably did not use them to play baseball in.

It takes the girl two days working from 8 to 12 and from 1 to 6 to embroider a pair of silk stockings. The price is from \$6 to \$2. Sometimes a pair of kid gloves about two yards long and with forty-eight buttons are sent in to be embroidered their whole length. Two or three dollars worth of work can be stitched into garters. Why a silk garter should have a gold clasp with a monogram in jewels and a profusion of fine needlework on it is one of those things that no man knoweth. Of course the work is taxing and worrying. Especially when a lady will come in and say, as they sometimes do: "Oh, that wont do. I have no such colors as those in my costume." Then about a thousand or two stitches have to be taken out and others put in.

"That tires me," said the girl, "but ladies

Polish refugee with his daughters, one of whom is twenty years old and the other thirteen. He came to this country in '59, and had been previously for some years in London.

The has wealthy relationship to be taken by the solution of the stockings and slippers that Isabelle Urquhart wears in 'The Marquis.' She knows what good work is. Some of the actresses like showy things, but you can shove inferior work off on them."

SHE TRIED A MAN'S TRICK. A Scheme to Get a Ham Sandwich, a Mine

Ple and 85 Cents for Nothing.

"Put those things right down and get out of here just as quick as you can. You're a dead fake and I'm onto you."

It was in a Park row lunch-room and noon—the busiest portion of the day. The speaker was the young man whose ear is ever jailert for the call of the hurrying waiters "Beef and!" "Ham and!" "T'eggs—two!" while his deft fingers are dissecting a huge hunk of corned-beef, slicing up hams, slashing loaves of bread, ladling baked beans, juggling with crockery and raking in dines and checks, all with such rapidity that each seems part of the same act and to be executed at the same time.

He had stopped in his bewildering display of gymnastics to address the remark quoted to a neatly dressed woman for whom he had just made a package containing a ham sandwich and a piece of mince pie. The pie and the sandwich were the "things" she was requested to deposit upon the counter, and this It was in a Park row lunch-room and

quested to deposit upon the counter, and this she did, without demur or delay, and hurried from the room.

Then the room.

Then the young man made a vicious dive for the big rump of red beef with his keen carver and told THE WORLD reporter about it.

it.

"That woman," he said, "came in here seven weeks ago when I was just as busy as I am to-day. She ordered a sandwich and a piece of pie and then waited for me to ask for the pay—fifteen cents. When I did ask her she insisted that she had laid down a dollar and she was waiting for her change. Well, it's hard to think a respectable-looking woman like her would lie, but I knew she hadn't paid and made her show down.

"She tried the same game again to-day. I was a little bit doubtful the first time whether I had taken her measurement properly, and

was a little bit doubtful the first time whether I had taken her measurement properly, and so I thought I'd make a test. I pretended to be a great deal busier than I was, and it caught her. She thought she'd make eighty-five cents and her lunch, and tried the old trick. You could see from the way she scurried out that she was guilty.

"It's an old game, but is usually played by men, and they aren't nearly so modest as that woman was. They usually play for change for a five, and sometimes they get it.

"It's a sneaking trick," concluded the carver, as he reduced a ham in length a quarter of an inch with his greasy glaive.

[From Harper's Basar.]

Mrs. A. (who entertains a good deal)—I have really enjoyed the evening exceedingly, Mrs. Buck. It's such a relief to get out of one's own at-

Is now making up Sachet Powders, and will no doubt tell you they are "much better than RIKER's" and all that you they are "muon better than the stury."

Well; buy them if you like, but buy EARLY, so that you will have time to get RIKER'S AFTERWARD; and get your Mouchoins, &c., finished in time for Christmas gifts. You don't want to make a present and have the recipient say, "Huh!" "She might have put a decent Bachet Powder in it." "There's no smell to THIS at

FASHION IN BEARDS.

The Simple Mustache Scems to be More in Favor this Season.



DAM probably lived and died with a full

brown beard. He couldn't stroll through the Garden of Eden to see how the "other fellows" wore their beards or mustaches. That is where the Broadway swell of today has the advantage

of Adam. Fashion is as capricious in dictating to the sterner sex how they shall trim their beards as it is to women in trimming their bonnets.

It is strange to see how many variations the hirsute growth on a man's face is susceptible of. Stranger still is it that so few men leave the whole thing to nature and let their beards grow as they will. Your full-bearded man has generally begun the downward course which begins after the grand climacteric. Occasionally a young fellow who is just starting in on a profession will grow a full beard because it makes him look older, and extreme youth in doctors and lawyers is not usually regarded as their strongest claim to patronage. When they have built up a practice they can shave off ten years of age.

Last year the correct thing was to have the beard closely trimmed and terminate in a point. The Vandyke style is not so much in vogue the present season. To sport only a mustache is the prevailing mode, and eighttenths of the men that are met on the street are bare of visage except for the fringes on their upper lips. Some of the youngest bloods are even destitute of these, much to their dismay.

Another fashion for the present season is to have the whole lower half of the face It is strange to see how many variations

Another fashion for the present season is to have the whole lower half of the face shaven clean, a line almost straight from the mouth to the ear being the dividing line. It is English, and a cross between the "canonical inch," or little tuft which grows by the ear, and the "Burnsides," which the Rhode Island General of that name made fashionable through the civil war.

Still another English fashion which finds favor with the men on the debatable ground

able through the civil war.

Still another English fashion which finds favor with the men on the debatable ground between late youth and maturity is to wear a full beard of moderate length, parted on the chin and brushed carefully to either side.

Nobody attempts to dye his mustache or beard to-day, and so the spectacle of a jet black growth with white roots is spared the public. Some old bloods "who die but never surrender," cling to a bristling, snowy mustache which stands out with distinguished effect against a fresh complexion made roseate by the vintage of Champagne.

Nobody to-day has the moral courage or idiocy to wax the ends of his mustache so that they extend literally as stiff as cambric needles with Hungarian cosmetic. Napoleon III. was the author of this fashion, and James Fisk, jr., the last brilliant example of it in Gotham. The new style seems to favor barbers. But there is no style which does not favor them except the full beard which old age allows to find its way to the waistband, There are hundreds of men who would no more think of attending to their own beards than of being manicures. They don't know how to use a razor. They gash themselves pitiably, or make their skins dreadfully raw.

A number of those who grow hair on their faces develop a full beard during the winter, and get shorn in spring. They think that it keeps them from getting cold. It does, to a certain extent, but it fails to prevent the throat from getting tender.

The English are more given to the full

fails to prevent the throat from getting tender.

The English are more given to the full beard, kept at a certain length, than Americans are. Hence it is doubtful is the mustache alone will carry the day entirely, or obtain for any length of time. One has only to watch the men that hurry through the streets to see that fashions in the beard sway most of them.

SHOE-BUCKLES AND GARTER-CLASPS-

Oxidized silver takes the lead in shoebuckles for every day wear. A disc of oxidized silver is ornamented with a spider or other insect.

In garter-clasps, two daisies in enamel overlapping each other is a favorite design. In gold, an ivy vine in green enamel is effective. These clasps have a patent fasten-

Changed as he was, she knew him in an instant,

ing, so that there is no danger of their becoming undone.

The small buckles for low-cut slippers are of Etruscan gold, or of gold and cut steel. A buckle for evening wear is of silver, the outside edge being ornamented with forget-me-nots in enamel.

Rhine stones set in silver make effective buckles for evening wear. There are, also, fine wrought buckles in silver.

A very pretty pair of clasps is ornamented with a design of four-leaf clovers, and an-other pair has a checker-board pattern in enamel.

SMALL COINS FOR HOLIDAYS.

The Customary Increase in the Demand Already Felt.

The unusual demand for small coins which generally shows itself about holiday time is already felt, and reports from other sections of the country say that the demand for cents and five-cent pieces especially cannot be met. Gold dollars, silver dollars, quarters and 10-cent pieces also have a special value at this season of the year, and the supply is said to be far below the demand, especially in the country.

Thus far New York has not been affected in a perceptible degree, and it is not probable, according to the statement made in the Sub-Treasury, that the stringency here will be as great as has been noticed in former years. Last Christmas season was remarkable above all others for the almost utter impossibility of procuring small coins. A premium as high as 25 per cent, was offered in some instances for pennies. One charitable institution realized a substantial sum by selling its pennies, collected in church contributions, at the rate of \$1.10 per hundred, while many

at the rate of \$1.10 per hundred, while many speculators in coins profited amazingly by the stringency in the small coin market.

Said one of the officers at the Sub-Treasury when questioned to-day: "I do not think that the supply will fall far short of the demand this year. Of course, there will be more or less of a corner in the nickel and penny market, but I have no idea that the inconvenience will be felt by the business men which was experienced a year ago. The Government has taken unusual precautions this year to obviate the difficulty and has sent out all the fractional pieces the mint could coin and still keep up the coinage of the silver dollar which the statute commands.

"The report of the Director of the Mint at Philadelphia shows that in September 41,000 five-cent pieces were coined, while 3,620,000

Philadelphia shows that in September 41,000 five-cent pieces were coined, while 3,620,000 pennies came fresh from the mint. In October the coinage of five-cent pieces aggregated 718,000, while that of pennies was in excess of 4,000,000. The same quantity has probably been put on the market during the present month. You see, therefore, that over 10,000,000 pennies, which is an immense number, have already been put in circulation, together with 1,000,000 five-cent pieces, since Sept. 1 last. The reports also show that so many fractional silver coins have been put in circulation, that the demand for them will be fully met. fully met.

"Thus far we have had no demands made

upon us which we have not been able to sup-ply, although the rush will not manifest itself fully until next week, or later."

AMUSEMENTS.

WORLD PAMOUS CYCLUS OF PICTURES,

THE FIVE SENSES.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

NOW ON EXHIBITION AT NO. 18 EAST 14TH ST. FIRST FLOOR, OPEN FROM 10 A. M. TO 10 P. M.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND PRIDAY

5TH AVE. THEATRE. The Hindes Comis Opera, by the THE BEGUM.

EVENING AT 8. MATINEE SATURDAY AT 2. 14 TH STREET THEATRE, COR. STH. AVE.

Matiness WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.

HOME AGAIN,

DENMAN THOMPSON,

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

The beautiful lane and all the criginal effects.

Gallery, 25c. Heserved, 35c., 50c., 75c., \$1, \$1.50.

his hand, and just behind him was the indignan alone," he said with a jerk of his head and with When I am ready I will join you in the hall. " She

ing upon it tried to be sure it was not an illusion. "Tell him," repeated Mr. Keeley, "that you

avoluntarily across her eyes. "Your wife!"

And then with a sob. "My God, can it be

were only here he would save her. He had always saved her. The man, thinking, she intended to escape by the window, sprang after her. Then she turned and

road " said the servant.

ter go slow. I told you this was my wife. I've come to fetch her, and if you interfere with me, I'll double you up with an ounce of lead. I don't allow anybody to come between me and my wife, " He looked desperate and capable of anything, and new and sudden fear sprang up in the woman. If he came back now there would be a scene of vioence and he would get killed. After all, she was this man's wife. Nothing, nothing must happen

"I will talk to this man." "And shut the door," said Mr. Keeley. "Oh.

you can listen, but don't you interfere. When the man had gone out the woman spoke. "Stand back, and tell me what you w. nt. "

mine. Now, take my advice and make it pleasant. Where's your paramour?" "What do you want to do with me?" she saked.

"You are a ruman and a villain," she said, and I believed you were dead, " ' Well, you see, I'm not, so don't waste words. There's nothing so desperate as an outraged hus-

band. And he always has the community on his The thought that determined her was of the igno-

Every impulse of her nature went out to him in this crisis, who had done so much for her. She take it with you," knew that she must step down from her position as a lady and become once more the companion of a cent authority of contempt. "If you are my nus-desperado. She knew that it would kill her. But band you must support me." she drow herself up and said: " I will go with you. God help me!"

Then she took off her rings, unclasped the drops in her ears, stripped herself of every memento of her happy life and laid them all in a little spark-

What are you doing ?" said Mr. Keeley, in

She did not reply, but went on in a mechanical saving: 'tGive those to Mr. Sedley when he co

Don't be a fool!" he said; '. you'll need 'em." Then she flamed up. "Don't touch me, or I fere between a man and his wife. That's her shall drop at your feet." she said. Walking to the door she flung it open. "Leave the room. pointed with an imperative arm-sweep, and he obeyed her with something like wonder and ad-

was unbounded. She walked up and down and wrung her hands. She went to the window and with staring eyes of expectancy looked out, saying: "Why does he not come ?" And then she turned away, saying: "No, no, no; he must not come! He must not come! I must go! O God, why could not this beautiful dream have lasted ?"

on hysterics, she went round the room looking at each familiar object as if for the last time. She put her finger through the bars of a handsome bird-cage and a mocking bird lit upon her finger. Good-by, Mario; I'm going. Good-by, pet. And the bird let out a strain of jubilant disbelief in anything like misfortune, and rubbed his bill on her white finger. She opened a door and a little terrier came bounding in. She picked it up and power on earth can take you from me. You are fondled it. "Good-by, Jerry," she said.
"I've got to go." And the dog yelped and struggled and wagged its tall with a fine dog contempt for such an impossibility. With a keen sense she took in all the elegant trifles of the room and their associations. There stood the little Japanese teapot and the two tiny Sevres cups-how many times she had made the late cup of tea with her own hands as they sat there, and how often before drinking it they had reached across the table like two children and kissed each other. For a moment she stood staring at vacancy. What would he say when he found her gone. How would he live in this ionely place with all these reminder about him. What would he think of her who could go without leaving one word. She rushed to the little secretary and seized a pen, and began to write

"Oh, my darling, the blow has fallen. God bless you and help you. You will know all without my telling you. There is not one place where we shall not be separated. I will go there first and wait for you."

she gave a gasp and opened the door. Mr. Keeley stepped in, closed it, and stood with

as your'e going to be sensible and do the right "Leave the house," she said, with the magnin-

"That's all right," se answered, "but I've got to look after my wife's property!" and he pointed to the jewels on the table.

omething had made a reckless scamp of him, and a consciousness of this made her feverish to get away. She called the man-servant in, gathered up the jewels and the letter, and put them in his hand, | noggin of applejack.

POOLE'S THEATRE. 8th st., bet. B'way & 4th ave 10c. The great real-life drams, and a street of the ave MAN." 30c. MATINEE TO MORROW (SATURDAY). NEXT WEEK ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

'Mr. Keeley put his hand on the man's shoulder. "D-n you!" he said. "I told you not to interproperty and I'm her hu her personal property!" His wife sprang at the door to call for assistan

he caught her by the arm, pushed the door shut quickly, and said: "Now, look here. I'm not a man to be triffed with. You know that of old. Take your stuff and come away quietly." "Wretch," she cried with a flerce exclamation.

"Miserable dog. You can take what is your own, and that is all. Go on to your kennel where you belong and I will follow you. But not a penny goes out of this house.

"Then," said Mr. Keeley, !" I will stay here till the man of the house comes and settle with him !" In spite of herself she gave a little gasp at this. Then the door flew suddenly open and Mr. Sedley stood on the sill looking in.

It was a picturesque group for an instant, The woman gave a cry of joy, that was followed by a cry of terror. Mr. Sedley came to her, put his arm about her and led her to a chair. Bending over her a moment, he said in the same tones that she had heard that night in front of ber father's house: "Calm yourself. There is no mine loyally and legally and eternally.

What a wild rush of joy those words gave her. She could not understand them, and yet they went down into her soul with a strange music. She did not know what it all meant, but she felt that love had come to her rescue and was in some way allpowerful.

Mr. Keeley was nervous. He looked around warily and put his hand on his hip. Mr. sedley was taking off his wife's hat and re-

moving the pin from her wrap.
'Do you know who I am?" asked Mr. Keeley. Mr. Sedley was pulling at the sleeve of her wrap. He got it off and threw the garment on a chair. He smoothed the hair on his wife's forehead tenderly and stooped down and kissed her squarely on

each evebrow. Mr. Keeley struck his first here, dama me, do you wan you stand? Do you know that Mr. Sedley picked up his with mand and looked at it. "John," said he to the servant, "it was

from the Penusylvania prison. He's been trying o rob us. There's an officer at the door who is looking for him. Let him in." He felt the leap of his wife's heart in her finger

ucky I came. That man's an escaped convict

"That's all right," said Mr. Keeley, "But

the's my wife all the same." "Don't pay any attention to him, my darling," said Mr. Sediey. "He had a wife when he took you, and I've got the proof of th. Now, then, John, out with him !"

XIII.

Except that the mocking-bird let out a long ron-lade, and Jerry stood on his head, and the little over the table and kinsed each other and one of



nouse. He springs up the little step, puts an arm about the blue dress and kisses the woman's up urned mouth. Her arm has gone over his shoulder and she holds him a moment in an embrace. "I saw your face half a mile down the road," ne said-"what a beacon of love it is. How lone

makes me melancholy." "Well," he said, sitting down by her side

" No, only the fear that perfect happiness car never last, "

"Of how good and noble and self-sacrifleing you are," she said promptly. "Everything reminds me of it when you are away."

it when I am here?" She didn't pay any attention to his humor, but kept on in her own vein.

I cannot comprehend it. I am so different. Tell me, what was it made you love me ?" " Pve asked myself that question a thousand times," he replied, ' but I never got, a satisfactory

inat saw. All I know about it is I loved you with a upernatural love from the first, and I could no more struggle against it than a man can struggle against a stroke of lightning. I don't know what made me carry you off that night when I saw you in front of your father's house. I must have been desperate, and it was indefensible. But you see it all turned out right. Now there is nobody on earth

sades further down is a low-lying gap through which you may, if you look narrowly, see "Oh, I'm afraid, "she said, " that I am not caps. ble of it. You are so much wiser and better than the old town of Tappan dozing back there on the I am."

State line. Dight in the richest and most romantic part of this glade, with broad grounds stretching down to the Hudson and terminating in a Gothic boat-house, is a very spacious and handsome resid A Realistic Story of New York ence. Its white walls are flanked by deep verandas, over which the wild roses have grown thickly The gravelled walks are clean swept. The undulating lawns are cool and shadowy with the elms and junipers. At the entrance gate, where a cedar lodge affords two rustic seats, sits a lady in a pale blue dress of the richest texture, loosely cut, and girdled simply at the waist. She wears a little gypsy hat and she is very beautiful. Her white hand, as it lies on the rough rail of the lodge, shoots a little red gleam as the setting sun touches

the diamond on her finger. She is looking down the road in a reverie. The dust of the highway is like flying gold. The autumn gleams of the Western sky turn the maple of it appeared in the to a blood-red, and they burn in the vista like live papers at the time. Jim coals dropped from the sky. The pensive fac Slavin and Tony Watson. lights up. Some one is approaching. She lifts her head up and you see the coal-gray eyes and the of the Hippotheatron es-

sweeping eyebrows. A handsome vehicle is driven in at the gate. man jumps out and the vehicle goes on up to the

have you been waiting ?" "Not long. I've been thinking," she replied

"I suppose nothing will rob a woman of that luxury. But there is nothing need to make you mel ancholy, is there?"

"It's lasted pretty stoutly for two years. My darling, when it's built right it is eternal. What have you been thinking about?"

"I like that," he said laughingly and trying to be facetious. " Doesn't anything remind you of

". When I think of it all," she said, "it seems to me it must stop. Sometimes I look at myself and

reply. The only possible answer was. I just did. What you could have seen in poor me I can' imagine." "Nor I," said he. "I never did imagine.

'It's a thinking hour. The sound of the loc

"Rubbish," he said. "You are the sait of the arth and don't know it. You are just as good as you can be to let me worship you as I do and not laugh at me. Sometimes I think from your delected air that you are lonesome, and that after all you might have been happier with some one

grown so full of a great love that I trembie only to think something might happen to it." "Oh, well," he said carelessly, "if that is all, I'm satisfied, because nothing ever can happen They got up and walked up the path with their arms about each other. "My dear," she said,

a thought to pass through your mind. I have

accidents might happen, might they not 7 You go away so much. And when you are gone it isn't reasonable to be as happy as when you are here." "To-morrow is my last visit to the city for some time," he answered. "I must go back and give my evidence in the suit. Then the matters of the estate will be all settled and we can sit quietly down here for the winter and make our friends

read about these coming long nights. " Must you go to-morrow?" "I'm afraid I must, but I'll be back the next day if possible. It is very important that I should

XIL On the morrow. They acted like children. But there was something beautiful in her tendor derotion and in her clinging fondness for him.

She went to the train with him, and when he was gone there were childish tears in her eyes.

But she came back and set about her simple duties with a happy air. There was so much to be done before the cold weather set in, and she wanted to transform her sitting-room before he got back. The matting had to come up and the " No, no, no," she repeated, " Never allow such neavy carpets to go down. The English fireplace had to be lit. The furniture re-arranged. She had the plants from the conservatory brought in and festooned in the bay window. The best books of travel were scattered on the centre-table. The leopard skin was laid before the ruddy logs. The great Limoges lamp was ready for lighting. She ato and looked at the growing comfort of her work with pleasure. Gazing out of the bay window she said: · Presently the anow will be on all the hills and nelds and come bleakly down in big flakes for days; the winds will blow those trees and race across the dead leaves, and we shall be so happy

On the day that she expected him back she even sat down on a cushion before the fireplace and imagined him in the big chair there, with his slipcome to our fireside, and when the spring returns pers on, reading to her, while the gusts sang outwe'll go to Italy and look at all the places we shall side and it was all so joily and pleasant inside. While she sat there with a dreamy smile of hap-

> piness on her handsome face her reverie became so deep that she did not hear the crunch of car riage wheels on the gravel, and the ring of the be, and while she wondered she heard voices in the hall, then a heavy footstep, and the next moment the door opened suddenly and she was star-ing up from the cushion, like one in a dream, into the face of John Watson Keeley.

and a little half-suppressed scream escaped from He stood just inside the door with his felt hat it

"Tell your flunky to go away and leave us s cold, cruel tone. She got up and staggered to the table, and lean-

are my wife. There's been a mistake and he don't want to make it worse." She heard this without clearly understanding it. Your wife," she repeated, drawing her hand

In her perplexity and helplessness she started for the bay window. Somehow she felt that if he

trew herself up, and they stood facing each other for a moment. "Say the word, mum, and I'll drag him into the Will you?" repiled Mr. Keeley. 'You'd bet-

" Go out in the hall," she said to the servant.

"I want you. Do you know you've committed State's prison offense? Do you think I'd come here in an uncertain, shaky hand: if I wasn't right? I just want you, because you're

"Oh, I just want to make you love, honor and they me. So get your traps on, and bring a lot of her trinkets. Then throwing on a heavy wrap, of money, for I'm dead broke,"

miny and shame of all this to him, and the fear that if the men met there would be bloodshed,

ling pile on the table.

He came and put his arm on her shoulder.

miration in his face.

The moment she had shut the door, her distress

In a condition of terror and perplexity bordering

She folded it and left it on the table by the side

his back against it. "Look here, Mag," said he, thing, I don't want to be hard on you. know I ain't as good as you are, but I swear I'll try and be a different man. I don't want you to meet me with that kind of a look. I had you first, and you used to think something of me. You've had a picnic for two years in this place, and I've had the hardest kind of luck. If you've saved anything,

This man was a desperado. She saw that,

That's all.

Sevres cups were set and the two children leaned them had her eyes full of water; and John told all the other servants that it was as much better than anything he'd ever seen on the theyster sta as a glass of Irish whiskey was better than a

IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

Life by Nym Crinkle. [Concluded from Wednesday.] ARRALL & WEED'S Hippotheatron got into Oil City in November. On the 5th of that month some of the canvas-men became embroiled in a fight with a party of rough minera and two men were killed. The accounts

ed and convicted of manslaughter. Tony Watson was the travelling name of John Watson Keeley. when he was sentenced. The circus had gone on to Texas for the winter and a pai of Keeley had remained behind, partly on account of his evidence for the defense and

hight before Keeley was sentenced his friend saw him in his cell. "Rob," said the doomed man, sitting in the gloom with his head between his hands: "I'm going to get twenty years. My goose is cooked." 'Oh, not as bad as that, Jack," said Rob. "Brace

up! You've got a chance yet with the Judge."

partly because of his loyalty to Keeley. On the

and says it's a case of twenty years. I'm nigh on to thirty now. Good God! I'll be fifty before I'm a free man." "Oh, while there's life there's hope," suggested Rob, with a desperate effort at comfort.

' Not a living chance. The lawyer's been here

calprit, looking up for the first time. "You've slood to me like a friend. It won't cost you any-"It sin't much I can do, old man," answered

" It ain't that. You are going on after the show.

"Yes, I will," said Rob, with a good deal of

eller at the ensiness of the task. "1 swear to

Two years have slipped by eventfully and cruelly

mough to the world, smoothly and restfully to two

There is a stretch of aloping mountain about three

inies south of Nyack. The bills that break out so frowningly in the Hook Mountain above dwindle

down here, and between them and the Pall-

Then they shook hands for the last time.

beaven, I just will."

"They watch me too close, ".

"I want you to do me one last favor," said the

When you get to Austin write on to New York and tell 'em I was killed in a square fight. You know what I mean. I would not have 'em know this. There's two-one's an old woman who said I'd tetch up in prison, the other's a young one. I don't want her to know it. They won't know by the papers on account of the name. Will you fix

> to dispute my right to you. I wish you could be as happy us I am in the consciousness of it.